A Journal
OF
A SHORT TOUR FROM EDINBURGH
1787

A JOURNAL,

BEING AN ACCOUNT

OF

A SHORT TOUR

OR

EXCURSION

FROM

EDINBURGH.

1787.

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem:
Sic non podagra corpus, non tarda senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.

WRITTEN 20 JULY 1788, BY W. A.

Printed at the "Nairnshire Telegraph" Office,
Leopold Street, Nairn.

1912.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER.

THE MS. of this little work of travel has had a somewhat chequered career. A nicely-bound volume written in a very clear hand, it found its way out to Australia, and was exposed for sale in Sydney, New South Wales, among the other literary effects of a journalist leaving the Colony. The volume was bought at the sale by the Hon. John Macintosh of that city. He had it in his possession for some years. In 1880, he sent it back to Scotland to a friend, to be placed, if he thought proper, in the Library of the Nairn Literary Society. In 1902, it was brought under the notice of the late Sir Arthur Mitchell, who was just completing his list of Travels in Scotland for the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. It was too late for him to insert a notice of it under its proper date, that of 1787, but he entered it in a supplementary list, giving the following account of it in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, Vol. XXXV. :—

> A JOURNAL, BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A SHORT TOUR OR EXCURSION FROM EDINBURGH. A second title runs as follows : — Excursion from the Capital through the middle parts of Scotland. MS.
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> The travel occupied thirteen days, from 19th April to 2nd May, 1787. The travellers, who were on foot, were four in

number, and are called (1) The Author, (2) C., (3) M., and (4) B.—the oldest not exceeding the age of 16 years. At the bottom of the first title-page given above there are the words, —"Written 20 July 1788, by W. A." It is possible that he wrote from notes by the young "Author," and perhaps improved them. It is probable that the "A." of the "W.A." stands for Anderson, as the first of the sketches in the book bears that "Anderson fecit." There are seven full-page sketches in the book—Ravens Craig, Dersay, St Andrews, Dundee, Hermitage (Dunkeld), Taymouth, and Craig Kalaman.

The tourists went from Edinburgh to Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, Cupar, St Andrews, Dundee, Perth, Dunkeld, Blair, Kenmore, Taymouth, Killin, Crianlarich, Loch Lomond, Tarbet, Luss, Dumbarton, Glasgow, Kilsyth, Falkirk, Linlithgow, and back to Edinburgh.

The MS. volume, which is neatly bound, and is a small 4to 7½ by 6 inches, pp. 202 and *index locorum*, was sent by the Hon. John Mackintosh of Sydney, who picked it up there, to Mr George Bain, Nairn.

The book is an interesting and honestly written narrative. It tells of the up-putting of the party, and of what they ate and drank; of what they saw in the mansion houses and public buildings they visited; of what they thought of the scenery and of the people; of St Fillan's Pool; of Wallace's Sword, etc. They were intelligent observers. They had no striking adventures.

It may be of interest to state that Sir Arthur was most anxious to acquire the little volume, to add to his already extensive collection of Scottish Travels—the only hobby, he said, he had ever had. The original donor having been consulted, the Nairn Literary Society could not see their way to part with the ownership of it, but to gratify Sir

Arthur—himself a native of Nairn—they gave him permission to retain the volume "till asked for." A year or two before his death, Sir Arthur returned the book, accompanying it with the gift of a complete set of all his own works to the Library of the Nairn Literary Society in acknowledgment of their courtesy in the matter.

The works of early Travellers in Scotland are not too numerous, and it has been thought the little volume, which has itself had so many travels, is not unworthy on its own account of being printed and given to the public, before being placed in, it is to be hoped, a secure and permanent resting-place in the MS. Collection of the Nairn Literary Institute.

The spelling, capital letters, and punctuation of the original have been pretty closely followed.

The *Index Locorum* given at the end is reproduced from the MS. The *Index Nominum* on following page was added in pencil on the fly-leaf by Sir Arthur Mitchell, who sums up the total expenses of "the tour" of the party as £12.

The references to the name of Anderson at page 51 seem to confirm the impression that the Author of the book was W. ANDERSON, probably a law student in Edinburgh at the time.

G. B.

EXCURSION FROM THE CAPITAL

THROUGH THE

MIDDLE PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

PREFACE.

THE object of this Tour being rather puerile pleasure than a desire of knowledge, and an unusual tho' not an irrational or improper method of relaxing the mind, fatigued with the labours of the Session of the Court of Justice, as well as with the studies of the College, on that account, the Reader, whoever he may be, must not expect in the ensuing pages to find much instruction or a display of wisdom.

None of the Travellers, of whom the Author was one, did at the time of Performing this Pedestrian journey exceed the age of sixteen years, a time of life at which the judgement has not as yet ripened the imagination, and when the Flights of Fancy are chiefly beloved. Neither must the Reader look for minute, accurate or universal descriptions. Travelling rapidly on foot, without the curiosity of an Antiquarian, or knowledge of a Naturalist, the continual series of new objects caused them to prefer a general view or cursory glance to a particular scrutinizing Investigation.

As the following account is written almost in the manner of a Journal, the Reader will see that the season of the year was unfavourable for the travellers. It was in the beginning of Spring, when tho' the weather was pretty good, yet the Trees and the fields were not cloathed with verdure, the principal Beauty of the Country, and the Highland mountains were still covered with the Winter Snows. From this two disadvantages arose—All the views which are extolled by others as incom-

parably delightful to them appeared either common or disagreeable, for instead of green fields there was seldom aught but the black earth before them, instead of verdant trees nothing was seen but bare, leafless Branches. Again when they came to the Highlands they could not enjoy the Advantage which others have of Ascending the mountains for the sake of the prospect, the tops of the highest being buryed deep in snow.

But as they were stinted in point of time, and as this was the most convenient for all, they resolved to make the best of a bad bargain, and after many meetings and resolutions on the subject they appointed the 19 of April 1787 for their day of departure.

JOURNAL.

19 April.

About one o'clock this day, having met as appointed with Mr C. and M. at M.'s house, we call on Mr B. and set off from Edinr. at half past one and walk slowly to Leith the sea-port of Edinr. A Boat called Wemyss Castle was just steering out of the harbour. We get into her from the Pier with some difficulty, and find ourselves well enough stationed tho' among none of the best company. We made for Kinghorn, but the attempt was fruitless. We tacked and retacked, but the day was too calm for our purpose. In this situation Mr Rutherford, a Writer to the Signet, one of the passengers, desired the Sailors to hoist a signal

for a pinnace ; they did so and a pinnace set out from Leith accordingly, but in the meantime a breeze springing up no person would take their seat in her when she came up with us. In an hour thereafter we had sailed round the east side of Inchkeith, and in half an hour more about five o'clock landed at Pitcur Harbour. None of us but B. were affected with sea sickness. He was very ill for a considerable time.

The view from the Middle of the Forth includes every thing grand by land and by sea—Mountains, Plains, Cities, Islands, &c. The Island of Inchkeith is about two Miles in circumference, formerly fortified, now a Sheep pasture and abounding in Rabbits. It lies half way in the passage between Leith and Kinghorn. This passage is deemed the safest and the best from Lothian to Fife, for tho' the sea runs very high there has not been a boat lost on it these two hundred years. We stopped a little while at Pitcur Inn to refresh, and in about 5 minutes' walk came to the Royal Burgh Kinghorn. This a very pitiful little town—

not desireable in point of situation nor respectable on account of its Inhabitants. It deserves to be noted for nothing but the derivation of its name, which is said to have been given it because near to where it stands the Scotch King Alexr. broke his Neck over a precipice while hunting. It was on account of this King's unexpected death, that the disastrous misfortunes in the time of Wallace and Edward of England befell Scotland. Leaving Kinghorn without halting we cross a small field between us and the sea, that we might examine an old Castle—but we found it not worth the looking at, consisting only of one small tower and called Seafield Castle. The Banks of the sea about this place are very beautiful, the Grass interspersed with primroses in full bloom and the shore scooped out into many curious caverns, exposed to the South, commanding an extensive prospect and free from the Cold North east winds. After leaving this place we passed a pretty large bleacherie for yarn or thread, keeping still by the shore, and come to Kirkaldie, likewise a royal Burgh, consisting

of one street only which is reckoned the longest in Scotland. As we entered by the west the town looked remarkably mean, the houses being little and old, the streets badly paved, narrow and dirty, and in short every thing out of order, but as we advanced every thing looked better, the street became broad, clean and regular, the houses much larger and a number of shops. About the middle of the town, Mr Oswald of Dunniekier has a very good house with a pretty policy behind. This was once a town of considerable trade and reputation as were many others along this and the opposite coast. But to them the union with England proved fatal. Commerce, in which alone exists the means of enriching the inhabitants of a barren soil, was cultured and flourished through all the eastern shores of Scotland. This was the origin of these cities, which in those times were filled with opulent industrious inhabitants, their Fleets bringing in the tribute of other nations. But by the Treaty of Union being debarred from Trading with France, a mart for all their manufactures,

being debarred by the English from trading to the East Indies, having too great opponents in point of Riches and opportunity in trade with the Westren World, &c., they have fallen from wealth and dignity and repute into the very lowest degree of Poverty, insignificance, and disregard. I here grievously offend the delicacy of Mr M., having presumed to offer him a piece of common bread while two Ladies were passing by.

Pathhead, a town pretty considerable, is a very little way beyond Kirkaldie. There on a rock rising from the sea there stands a large Old Castle deserving every stranger's attention. The Highest part of it is upwards of 120 feet from the level of the sea which roars at its bottom. It is so strongly defended by Art and Nature, the walls being lofty and four yards thick and the rocks perpendicular, that before the use of Artillery nothing but Blockade by sea and land could have forced it to surrender. The top of the Rock on which the Castle stands is about 400 feet square. We went thro' a great part of it—and particularly descended

two pair of stairs into a great vault where there has been a well to supply the Garrison. We remained here a considerable time enjoying the view of the Firth, the Islands and the Towns along the Coast of Fifeshire. It was almost sunset till we left this place which is called Ravenscraig. We would have staid this night at Pathhead but we were told that there was an Inn three miles past it, to which we would get before it was dark. Encouraged by the hope of Advancing without danger, we set off. We were disappointed however, for when we had walked three miles and more we were told we had as much farther to go till we came to our Inn. It was now dark. We were alarmed on account of our money which was in all about £12 Str. ; this was our only cause of Fear, for

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

We left the sea when we left Pathhead, and about 7 Miles up the country there is an Inn called the Plasterers upon the water of Levin, at which we arrived about nine at night, tired

and hungry. We supped pretty heartily on Beefstakes and were worse off with respect to Beds. C. and M. lay in a little ground room by themselves. B. and I lay in a Good Bed upstairs, but there were other two lay in the Room with us, a Drover and an Ostler. The Master of the Inn coming home late knocked at C. and M.'s window and cried to be let in—"D—n you, do you know who's here?" furiously exclaimed by one of the Occupants made the angry Mr. beat the window board with louder blows and redouble his exclamations, which he probably would not have done if he had known who was there. However the servant opened the door, and the quarrel, which so much annoyed the people in bed, ended.

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20 April.

We rose at five o'clock—paid our Bill, wch. was we thought too moderate, being only 3/6.

Pass Lesly House, very disadvantageously situated—lying in a low valley among trees. About a mile past this is the New Inn, better than the Plasterers. The Country between this and Coupar is very beautiful—abounding in Corn, with little pasture and much wood. It consists of a great valley 6 or 7 miles broad, and stretching more than twice as far from East to West. From Falkland to Coupar there is almost a continued series of Plantations, very extensive, which made us remember with contempt the malicious sarcasm and false aspersions which the celebrated Johnston has thrown on our Country in general and on this County in particular when he asserts that there are few or no trees in Scotland. In this plain there are many Gentlemen's seats, particularly Lord Crawford's to the North and Scot of Scotstarvets far to the South of the Highway. About nine o'clock we get to Coupar after crossing a good Bridge of four arches over the Eden. Coupar is the County town of Fife and a Royal Burgh, very beautifully situated on a declivity, to the North of the Eden. It has a

tall Steeple, a very pretty cross stone and town house, a good street and some very tolerable Inns, at one of which we breakfast and are well entertained. We had here excellent Rolls and butter, which hunger probably made us think better than those at home.

We leave Coupar a little past eleven—recross the Eden, which we should not have done, for after walking a little by its banks we find our road intercepted by the water. This disconcerted us not a little. M. and C. return by the Bridge—B. and I wade through, which very much refreshed us. After walking about a mile we again lose our way, and would have erred still farther to our great vexation if C. and I had not been attracted by the appearance of an Old Church and Castle about half a mile to the South. We very speedily walk thither across a large field, and upon enquiring at some ditchers if we could get to the St. Andrews road from thence they told us to our great satisfaction that we were upon the very road, and that B. and M. were on the road to Dundee. What could we do in this situation?

We still saw them moving along, for the Country was a gradual slope from them to us, and no trees or hedges hindered our view. We made all the signs we could by putting our hats on our sticks and waving them in the air, and halloing as loudly as we could. We at last made them discern our motions, and saw them beginning to proceed towards us. This place is called Dersay, about half way between Coupar and St. Andrews. The Castle was very old and little. In a Nich above one of the Doors, as I think, there was an *alto relievo* of James Second—which made us believe that it was built in his time. The Chappell is Gothic, old and little, surrounded by a Church yard and many trees. On the South the descent from the Church yard to the Eden is very steep and covered with numerous bushes and Cherry trees. We found this place so agreeably situated that we staid more than hour basking in the sun.

We again cross the Eden by a Bridge. The Country along its Banks and indeed all around looked very fertile and rich, tho' there were

very few houses to be seen. We get to St. Andrews a quarter past three, and are put to some trouble in finding an Inn, for there was no sign for one in the whole town. We are at last directed to one kept by Baillie Glas, where we dine, and after dinner are waited on by an acquaintance of Mr C.s, a Mr Graham from Stirlingshire and a Student at the University here. With him we walk out to see the town —the Main Street, for there are two smaller ones, is about 400 yds. long and very broad, which, since there are very few passengers, makes it look very dull. At the East end of the town is the Harbour which is very little. The Ruins of the Cathedral are grand. St. Rules Tower, about 100 feet high, is a narrow square building, all of the same size. All these lye in the town burying ground, almost surrounded by the German Ocean.

When a person first looks on those monuments of Antiquity lying in ruinous magnificence, he cannot help deploring the ravages of time, and the short duration of everything human, but when he reflects that those monu-

ments arose not from the superfluent abundance of the people nor the voluntary contributions of the opulent, but that they were reared from the savings of our indigent ancestors to serve as a retreat for Monks and to gratify the pride of the Clergy—he must exclaim, O happy people ! now no longer subjected to the Fetters of Superstition, nor ecclesiastic oppression, nor kingly despotism, but enjoying liberty of Conscience and of person under the best religion and the wisest laws !

To the North East of the town, on the sea, stands the Castle now uninhabited, said to have been built so far back as the year 1155, which date is still visible on a stone over the Main Door. Here we were shewn the spot where the celebrated reforming preacher Mr. Geo. Wishart was burnt by the command of Bishop Beaton in the time of the persecution, and also the window out of which the Bishop looked at the execution, and out of which he was afterwards so deservedly hanged by the Reformers. From the Castle we went to see the College, which consists of a pretty large

square, but the Buildings no ways suited our expectation. Some of the Colleginers were playing at Cricket in the Square and were surly enough to look sowerly at us, but we did not regard the Gentlemen. In the College Chappel we were shewn a most elegant gilded Mace of solid silver exquisitely wrought, said to be more than three hundred years old and sent from Paris a gift to the University. We likewise here saw the Sepulchre of Bishop Kennedy, which they say was constructed at Rome six hundred years ago, composed of hewen stone of a most durable nature. After leaving the College we were carried through the Church ; only one of the windows being opened, for they were all shut on the outside with wooden Boards, we could see but a small portion of it, which did not make us regret the concealment of the rest—nothing but Bishop Sharpes Tomb was worth notice ; he was killed by some zealous presbyterians in the year 1675 when the attempt was made to introduce Episcopacy into Scotland. This Sepulchral Monument has been painted of late, which

takes away the beauty of the white Marble of which it is built. The Sculpture is but badly executed which shews the manner in which he was killed, and the Epitaph contains monstrous invectives against his murderers, who were the very men that in some degree established the present form of Religion by vigourously in this manner defending it at a period when it was attacked with a view to be overthrown. On the other side of the street there is an older College than that which has been mentioned, but, I believe, nothing is now taught there. It seems to have been a better building than the other. Saint Andrews is a Royal Burgh and famous for the excellence of the Golf Balls which are manufactured in it.

We now having seen everything worth while return to our Inn, and have Mr Graham at Supper, who had left us a considerable time before to prepare for the College Examination which was to take place next day. Mr Graham among other things informed us that every month there was an Assembly, supported by the Subscription of the Students, and that just

now there was one going on. Upon this B. and I went off, leaving the rest to their Punch. But they were just leaving their dancing Room when we came in. We laughed very heartily however at seeing the Collegians wrapt in their thread-bare ragged red Cloaks leading home the ladies from the Assembly. This perhaps displeased them, but we being more than half seas over minded them not, but had many comical adventures with the Ladies, Officers of the Town, Fidler, &c., in so much that we were obliged to take to our heels—

> For Men and Dogs with angry noise pursue,
> And we before them swift as lightening flew.—

till we found ourselves in the midst of Monumental Stones, the dismal dwellings of the dead. In short we never thought of halting till we found our selves in the Church-yard. Here the strongest mind and most imperviable to the visions of Fancy and most confirmed in the disbelief of Spectres could not long remain without anxiety—the still silence of a Gloomy Midnight, the frequent numbers of black and

white tombstones, the Stupendous impending ruins of the Cathedral, and the roarings of the surrounding Ocean, reared in our mind sensations no otherways delightful, but in as much as they aided the contemplation of this solemn scene at once the most awful and most sublime in Nature. We now return to our Inn, where we find Mr Graham taking his leave. Baillie Glas, as having some authority, told us he would shut his door on us if we went out so late to see him home: whereupon we got to Bed, as well pleased.

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21 April.

Tho' we had not been long abed we get up before six and leave St. Andrews about seven. We re-cross the Eden at the mouth over a Bridge of six Arches. The Mouth of the Eden forms a little Bay at the flow of the Sea, but

at Ebb it is composed of nothing but sand and mud. The Country between the Bridge and Leuchars is very pleasant. The Minister's house is the only one in the village Leuchars which consists of more than one story. All the rest are thatched, and though the place is large none of them is above ten foot high. In this comfortless place, we could get nothing but bad small-beer and worse Bread to breakfast on, which we leave about ten o'clock and proceed to Dundee through a sandy soil and badly cultivated. Some little spots, however, we met with, which appeared fertile and were very beautiful, especially those lying close upon Newport ferry, a little Harbour on the Firth of Tay, where we arrive at twelve.

We were here obliged to get a Boat launched, for the sea was ebb. This passage over the Tay is accounted dangerous and about two Miles Broad. Our Boat was very little, with difficulty containing us four and the two Sailors. The Wind was so high and the sea so boisterous that we were almost afraid, but we were quickly landed in the harbour of Dundee

without other damage than a sound wetting from the waves that burst on our boat. We put up at an Alehouse not far from the harbour which we mistook for a Tavern. After drying ourselves and drinking a large Glass of Brandy to keep out the Cold, we proceed to view the Town, which they say contains 13,000 inhabitants. We first visit the quay, near which there are some very high houses, being five and six stories at least. The quay is very neat, composing an oblong sort of a square, kept very clean. The South side, which is the narrowest, opens on the harbour, the North side terminates in the high street. The other two sides are filled up with Good houses ; and the pavement, on both sides, is covered with the foliage of a double row of trees ; the Intervening space being an excellent walk for the Merchants in the summer season.

From this we walk up to the High Street, which has a very opulent appearance, being very broad tho' not long, made up in a manner of the conjunction of other four streets, for the town is laid out in the form of a St. Andrews

Cross, of which this is the centre. Here all the public edifices are erected which greatly contributes to its beauty. On the east, the Tradeshall, a neat building crowned with an elegant Steeple, terminates the view. An English Chappell, built much in the same way with the Tradeshouse, bounds the street on the west; and on the south stands the town house and common prison, an immense pile, built of Free-stone, likewise adorned with a very lofty Steeple. Here all these fine buildings, together with numerous shops and warehouses and crowds of busy people, fill our minds with spirited ideas such as lovers of their Country may be supposed to enjoy when they see her rising to affluence by virtuous efforts and merited success. In one of the streets to the east of this place there is a grand new Kirk with a fine Spire, surrounded with beautiful walks, which are ornamented with a young and thriving plantation.

In an Area behind the English Chappell to the west of the High Street there is building a Grammar School on the ruins of the Old

Cathedral, part of which is still standing serving instead of three several Churches, from the midst of which rises a majestic old square tower, which gives a remarkable dignity to the distant prospect of the Town. In the Churchyard to the North there are numerous Tombstones with many curious inscriptions, as also a monument in memory of Lady Wedderburn, a piece of excellent workmanship in the whitest marble. We return hence by the way we came, that is by scaling the walls, for the Doors were shut, and there being no other entry we preferred gratifying our curiosity, to the great sacrilege of stealing a view of the Dundee *Mausolea.* This town derives its name, either from the Latin name *Tao dunum*, or the motto of the Town, which is *Donum dei.* Its principal manufacture is white thread, which is famous thro' Scotland. It carries on a great trade to many parts, there being at this time a number of ships in the harbour.

Dundee is a Royal Burgh, that is, one of those towns, of which there are about 65, which in ancient times received a Charter, and

Grant of many privileges from the Scottish Monarchs; and among others they were granted a right of choosing annually their own office-bearers from among themselves. This was once a valuable privilege, inspiring the Burgesses with a spirit of Emulation. But in a short time the Magistrates elected by the majority of the citizens, enamoured with their power, and unwilling to lay down their dignity, conspired against the prerogative of their Electors, and, by illegal and fraudulent means, rendered their annual authority perpetual, by wresting the right of Election from their constituents, and establishing it in themselves. Thus the Town Councils have now for a long while been the hereditary potentates of the Burghs, of which formerly they were only the servants. Being vested in all the powers of office which respect the police, they do what they please with the funds and effects of the town, which are common to all, and, without accounting for a sixpence of the Revenue, impose taxes on the Community, under various pretexts, which are rigorously exacted. This

is their general course of behaviour. And the Burgesses have for a long time seen with vexation their Towns decaying without hopes of Redress, while the Magistrates, enriched by peculation, have all along defied any power in Scotland to challenge their conduct. But now the Burgesses, stimulated with a desire to repossess their ancient prerogatives, headed by patriotic men, are preparing to Reform this state of affairs, and to carry before the high Parliament of Britain, those evil Counsellors, who have so long monopolised the privileges of the Boroughs, there to be stripped of their ill-gotten dignity, that it may be again conferred on the community, from which in the beginning it was so surreptitiously carried off.

As B. and I returned home to the Alehouse, he stepped into a Shop to buy a pair of Mitts, where we see Mr Swap, a valiant soldier in the cause of Reform, attentively perusing some Glasgow publications on the subject. We dine about two, on Beef-stakes and Mutton pyes, afterwhich we drink some delicious strong ale, for which Dundee is celebrated, being furnished

with plenty of Rich Corn from Angus Shire, of wch. it is the Capital.

We set out by the West end of the town for Perth, along the North shore of the Firth of Tay. We are here, for the first time since we left Edinburgh, attacked with a very smart shower, which continuing nearly two hours, we shun partly by walking under covert of a very thick wood of Pine trees, about two miles in length, and when this served our purpose no longer we were forced to take shelter in a poor little house, close by the Highway. We here fell in with a company of Ploughmen drinking small beer, with whom we join and are rarely diverted with their conversation. One of them, that appeared to be a great wag, among other curious circumstances, told us, that they *kept a pair of Aristotle's Breeches at St Andrews University*, a thing which we did not hear of when we were there. We again depart from this place. The shower now ceased, and every thing full of vernal beauty charmed our eyes. The eminences cultivated up to the Top; the Tops crowned with wood; little Cottages scat-

tered over the fields, protected wt. clumps of Pines ; the rills, formed by the late shower, tumbling with a sweet murmur from the little hills, intermix'd with the inimitable music of a thousand Birds, formed a scene of delight unknown to all but those who have felt its impressions. Such were the beauties of the Brae of the Carse of Gowrie. The Carse itself like a fertile Garden—everywhere teeming with the rich productions of a careful cultivation and almost covered with verdure, lay below the place where we then were, stretching far to the West and bounded by the Firth of Tay on the South, from which we were now about three miles distant.

In a little, we reach a villa belonging to Sir J. Wedderburn, handsomely built on a charming declivity. We come up just as the housekeeper, as we supposed, was crossing the road to walk in the Garden ; upon asking if we might look in, she very obligingly carried us thro' the whole. It is exceedingly well laid out, adorned with ponds, fountains, arbors, and every other beautiful ornament capable of

improving the uncommon advantages which Nature has bestowed on its situation. She likewise shewed us the Hot-houses a little farther to the West, which are very large, and stored with fine vines and abundance of Nectarines. We leave this place in about half an hour, and about eight o'clock in the evening put up at Rait Inn, twelve miles from Dundee. We have this day in all Marched about 24 Miles, an exercise which gives the most exquisite relish even to the most common fare and ensures a less disturbed and far more envigorating Repose, than the utmost skill of a Physician or a druggist can create.

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22 April.

This being Sunday we don't leave Rait till after Breakfast. We now go farther North, leaving the common Road and enter upon a

Moor exhibiting very different prospects from those of yesterday. But a little way to the West we again fall in with very good farms and plantations. From this we have a very fine view of the River Tay, rolling in Broad Meanders through Green Fields, and Beyond we can observe the Highland Mountains covered with snow. As we walked very slowly it was almost two o'clock before we reached Perth, tho' only ten miles distance from Rait. We here cross the Tay by a Bridge of most noble structure, consisting of ten or eleven arches, each of which is filled with water. Tho' this Bridge is but lately built, we perceived a great number of the stones, with which it is paved, to be of such a mould'ring nature, that they are already quite worn thro'. To defray the expense of this useful work, a small tax is imposed on every passenger, which we heard is soon to be taken off. At this time we peripatetics were charged with the sum of a halfpenny each ; Horse Coaches and Carts have to pay a far greater sum, which will soon reimburse the Subscribers.

At the end of this Bridge, next the town, are newly erected some of the neatest houses imaginable, being built of Free Stone of a very superior quality ; and on the opposite side of the street, there is a very large New Inn, kept by a Mr Campbell. We did not stop here, but put up at the Kings Arms, kept by Marshal, a little farther up the Street. In the Court of this Inn, we saw a very large Crow, almost as big as an Eagle. We here dine upon Buttock of Beef, &c., and after drinking a glass of Wine we sally forth to view the curiosities of the place. The town consists of three or four streets, all of them much of the same size, and composed of very handsome houses, tho' pretty old ; they are kept amazingly clean, being constantly washed with a number of little Wells which are placed in rows along both sides of the streets, so that instead of being filled with dirt, the kennels are perpetually running with ye. clearest water. The Wells are about three foot high, and besides cleaning the streets and serving the inhabitants with water, form a very good Bulwark for the pavement, on the sides, against horses and carriages.

We went into a Seceder meeting-house, standing in a little Area off the street. It is pretty well finished in the inside, and was then full of people, being the Sacrament. We went quite through it, and in a park behind found a great number of those who could not gain admission, attending with great eagerness to a young preacher, who was declaring so strenuously the spirit of Godliness, and adding such vehement gesticulation to his almost incomprehensible Oratory, and so laboriously thumping on the front of his Rostrum, as if

> With Apostolic Blows and Knocks
> He proved his doctrine orthodox,

that our risible faculties being sensibly touched, we suddenly decamped dreading martyrdom from his offended hearers. Besides this, there are two Churches in town, called the Old and the New, tho' they appear to be much of the same age. That which is called the New has been lately repaired, and within is unexceptionably elegant. The Old Church is larger but by no means so handsome. They lie close

together in an Area off the High Street, and are joined together by a very clumsy Spire, which, however, contains some good Bells.

We now proceed to examine Gowrie Castle, which lies on the back of the Churches towards the River and a little south of the Bridge. This is a place which every person who has read the history of Scotland desires to see, being there particularly mentioned in the account of the ill-fated Earl's conspiracy against King James. At present it seems a very puny building about three stories high—lighted with very few windows. The Centre of the building and two wings form a little Square Court. A wall, thro' which is the entry to the Castle, composes the fourth side of the Square. It now for these many years has been used as a barracks for the Artillery stationed at Perth. A Sergeant belonging to this Corps shewed us all the places mentioned in the history. The staircase which leads to the great hall is broad, and lies in the South East Angle of the Square. The Hall in which, they say, the attempt was made to seize his Majesty, is about 90 feet

long and twenty broad. The Soldier then shewed us the Garden on the Bank of the river, and when we had seen every thing, would with difficulty receive our small gratuity.

We now take a pretty long walk to the South through a pleasant meadow, and returning through the town, walk a little in the North Inch, much more agreeable than that on the South which is called the South Inch. The tide comes up as far as Perth, and at this time there were several Sloops lying in a harbour below the Bridge. The Tay affords as great quantities of Salmon as any river in Scotland, and there are great Fisheries all along its banks above the Town ; but wonderful to tell, every one of the Fish are shipped off for the Metropolis of England, and, whereas formerly, the poor of the Country round about were plentifully and cheaply supplied with this excellent food, at present even the most opulent inhabitants esteem their native Fish a very great rarity. But this is partly owing to the mal-administration of the Magistrates, who are bound to compell the Tacksmen of the

Fisheries abundantly to supply the Town Markets at a reasonable price. We now return to our Inn, and write to our friends at Edinburgh. and after a pretty early supper go soon to Bed.

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23 April.

A LITTLE after seven we set out from Perth, which, I had forgot to mention, was formerly called St Johnstown and is a Royal Burgh and the Capital of Perthshire. We re-cross the Bridge, paying toll as before, and after an hour's walk, through a lovely champaigne, arrive at the celebrated Royal Palace of Scone. Its outward appearance would make no traveller imagine that it once was the principal residence of Monarchs. It is very low, and built in no sort of Order. We entred by a gate on the North, and passing through two paltry

little courts, without seeing anybody, we at last find the Housekeeper at Breakfast, who first conducted us thro' several very elegant, tho' small Apartments, furnished in the very height of modern taste, which are occupied by Lord Stormont, keeper of the Palace. We were next shewn into a very long Gallery, being more than 150 feet from North to South, and about 15 or 20 ft. Broad. The Roof of this Gallery is made of wood, in the form of an Arch, the vertex of which is about 20 feet high. On the Roof are painted a great variety of hunting exploits, and tho' they are now a good deal defaced, we could still discern James VI. conspicuous in every groupe.

In some small rooms near the Gallery, a great quantity of Queen Mary's Workmanship was shewn us, chiefly consisting of embroidery on a ground of purple velvet, which is now tarnished, and has lossed its colour. We likewise saw some tapestries, as yet beautiful though very old. From the windows of this Room, we have an extensive view of the Tay, whose Banks are from this, all the way to

Perth, covered with young and old trees. This is the place where all the Scottish Kings were crowned, and from whence Edward, that destroyer of our Country, carried off the famous Black Stone on which the Empire of Scotland was denoted to depend, in the following Barbarous verses :—

> Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque loco, dum
> Invenient lapidem, tenentur regnare ibidem ;

and in this the poet seems to have spoken justly, for the Crown of England, where the Stone is now kept, has for this long time been filled with the descendents of the Kings of Scotland.

As we walked thro' the policy after leaving the Palace, we perceive a very little building on our left hand. We look in and find that it is the burying place of the *Lord Keepers.* Here two Monuments engaged our attention for a considerable time—the one on the front, remarkable for beauty, belongs to the family of Stormont, the present keepers, consisting of an Urn of pure Marble, adorned wt. the most

exquisite workmanship and adequate Inscription. The other, of Marble likewise, tho' of a different quality, is vastly magnificent. Erected in the beginning of last Century, to the memory of David I. Earl of Murray and first keeper of this Palace, it displays, through all the pomp of Barbarous times, a more than usual degree of Grandeur. The Earl, of very tall Stature, is represented kneeling on a Cushion in the attitude of prayer, an open Book lying before him supported on a little pillar. On each side stand Grim figures in compleat armour, which is painted with an Iron Colour. Above are represented in full length very elegant figures of Peace and Justice. The remaining parts of the Monument, being about fifteen feet high, are quite covered with the various heraldry of the family, at once ornamenting the tomb, and exhibiting the honourable descent of the deceased.

We observe an Iron Ring, in the Floor, fixed to a Square Stone. We lift it with some difficulty. We descend a pair of Stairs which the stone covered, and enter a vault, the place of

Interment; but there being not a ray of light we were obliged to remount the Stair without making any discovery. At the outer doors of the policy lies the village of Scone, a very trifling place. Here we see an old Cross Stone, and much carving—which brought before our view the deeds of other Ages. We contemplate the unhappy fate of our former Princes and of our Ancestors their subjects. We see them always in restless agitation, never enjoying a moment's repose, constantly in danger, either from the attacks of an outward enemy, or from the more ruthless contentions of intestine foes. At these times when Peace, and Justice, and Concord had deserted the Country, we see all the Furies of Civil War and every form of Death desolating the land. We see the public law set at defiance, and Murder and Bloodshed every where the consequence of private Revenge. We see our Kings, constitutionally the slaves of the Nobles, able to do nothing to avert these calamities, but generally falling a sacrifice, to the pernicious turbulence of their people. We

see Civilisation stopped, Agriculture neglected, Literature despised, and the Barbarism of the most savage nations extended over Scotland. But we now with pleasure survey the happy change ; admiring the tranquility of the Country, the increase of Agriculture, the advances of Knowledge, Commerce, and Industry, the never failing attendants of liberty and civilisation.

We now find ourselves necessitated to recross ye Tay, on the other side of which lies the Highway. We meet with several Boats but can see no Boatmen. At last however we are ferried over by some Fishermen whose Boat was filled with Salmon. They landed us on a great Peninsula of Gravel and Sand just at the conflux of the Great Water of [blank] and the River Tay. A little above this there is a fine Bridge over the [blank] . Farther on, about five miles from Perth, we see the famous field of Loncharty, lying upon the Banks of the Tay, where the Scots beat the Danes in a bloody Battle, owing their success chiefly to one Hay, assisted by his sons, who

for his worthy and gallant service, was created Earl of Erroll, a town in the Carse of Gowrie. We spend some time in viewing this place, and see some little heights which, the people here say, were raised to cover the slain, tho' most probably they are the work of after times, or the effect of Chance, if not the production of Nature.

Still walking as before, through a beautiful country, and crossing a pretty large rivulet by a Bridge, we arrive at an Inn seven miles from Perth, where we breakfast. After leaving this Inn, we leave the fertile Country, and enter upon an uncultivated Moor, with great woods of Fir scattered here and there, and begin to approach the Highlands. It began to rain very terribly at this place, and we shelter our selves in one of the woods. The little herd Boys, that were here employed to feed the Duke of Athol's Cattle, told us that they got, for this service, their victuals and a Guinea pr annum. In this wood there were a great number of large Birds very like *Herons*, they build on the Tops of the Fir Trees. One of the

herds brought us a young one from the nest, but we could make nothing of it; he told us he frequently found them feeding on Trouts and Eels.

We leave this, and proceed along a very fine Road, and are again forced to take Refuge from the Rain, wch. we do in the Cottage of the Greediest wretch that ever the sun shone upon. His first salutation on our entrance was—"Get out Lads, I'm easy about you; ye tinkers are ready to put out your hands and steal ony thing ye meet with." The appellation of Thief and Tinker produced the very opposite effect of Anger, and made us laugh heartily at the Man's Anxiety—but we gave him a sixpence that he might form a better opinion of us. He now told us that he had herded all his life, that his name was Marshall, and that he was only one time in Edinburgh in the year 1734, where he got roast lamb to his supper, wch. he had not tasted since. He now earnestly entreated us to give him a halfpenny to buy snuff. Mr M. upon this gave him a great quantity of snuff, which he had

brought, with a view to gratify the Highlanders. But mark the veracity of the saying of Horace—

> "crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
> "majorumque fames.—
>
> "Care still attends encreasing store,
> "And endless appetite for more."

For such was the case with this greedy mortal. We had no sooner satisfied his wishes, than he began to beg our walking sticks with the utmost importunate solicitation. In short, we were so pestered with his tongue, that we went off in the middle of the Rain, he following us to the door, and, as if we had given him nothing, bauling after us and asking a little money for the sake of God. We next shun the shower in the house of an Industrious Country Weaver, and here, we wonder at the misconceptions of the people, for as we were just before called Thieves and Tinkers, we were here taken for Coalliers and Drovers, appellations of which we were by no means desirous.

Again setting out, in the Rain, we leave the barren and extensive Moor, thro' which we have travelled, and enter a Grand Valley, variegated in the most picturesque manner with Rocks and Woods, intermix'd with Cascades, formed by the Streams which flow from the Mountains, into both sides of Tay, which we now again fall in with, having left it when we passed Loncharty. On the hills which rise on both sides of this valley formerly grew, and still grows in some degree, Birnam Forest, wch. has been immortalised by Shakespeare.

In about an hour's walk, after drinking some good Highland Whisky, we reach a Ferry, cross the River, which is here Broad, Deep, and Rapid. A little Boy, with a pair of Oars, rowed us safely over forpence a piece, and about three o'clock we reach Dunkeld, every stitch of our Cloaths being wet through and through. We put up at the Duke's Arms, an Inn at the far end of the Town. We dine upon Salmon, &c., which is so dear as sixpence pr Lb. tho' great quantities of it are taken just at the door. Being as yet wet, we could not

go out till after tea. The Town is very neat, and consists of about 150 Houses lying on the East Bank of the Tay. The Houses are all of stone, two stories high and slated. The Inn is at the North end of the Street, opposite to a large old Cathedral, which is inclosed by the walls of the Duke's Policy. The Entrance to wch. is likewise at this place. The House, which was at present occupied by the Family, is a plain square building of moderate size, standing in a situation which makes it look better than it would otherwise do. The Garden lies to the South of the house on a gentle declivity which slopes all the way to the plain on which the house is built. It is very finely laid out in the modern taste, and contains too many beauties for description. The Hothouses are very capacious and filled with fine fruits. At this time they contained a good number of ripe Strawberries. On the top of the eminence there is a pretty Summer house open in front. From the floor of this issues a Christal stream, waving its serpentine rill through a Channel cut in the pavement till it falls into a little

Bason just before the Summer house. The inhabitants of this Bason exhibited a sight inconceivably beautiful. These were an immense quantity of Gold and Silver Fishes flouncing about and displaying their radiant scales to the sun. They were quite tame, and without any concern snapped at the crumbs which we threw them. Some of them were of a bright Scarlet, others of the purest White Colour, sparkling like polished silver. Some of them, I suppose a mongrel race, were brown and adorned with white and scarlet spots. All these swimming on the surface or playing among the water plants at the bottom had a very splendid and refulgent appearance. A little to the South of this there is a forced Mound, on which is planted a numerous battery of Cannon, most of which are very old and made in the Isle of Mann : in particular one of them is very curiously fabricated, and another of remarkable length made in the year 1575 or thereabouts.

From this the House of Dunkeld, the old Cathedral, some lofty Firs and the adjacent mountains, present materials for a Charming

Landscape. We now descend and inspect the inside of the Cathedral, part of which, we find, open at top and used as a burying place, the rest of it is covered and serves for the Parish Church.

After this we walk north along the Tay on a smooth mossy path. We here see a Boy fishing *Pars*, a little fish, though generated between a trout and a salmon ; but I have heard some people say that they have seen them weigh upwards of sixteen pounds. Mr B. caught one or two, with the Boy's tackling, none of which were four inches long—they are much more delicate than a trout and are very plentiful in every River where there are Salmons. We walk about a mile along the Banks of the River, and returning by another way we see the Aviaries of the Duke near an elegant gilt Chinese temple, where are kept some Pheasants of various kinds. As we went along we observed that numerous Rabbits burrow in the declivities at the bottom of which the water flows, and that thousands of Squirrels inhabit the high trees which cloath its

sides. As we still went along we were shewn an Iron plate affixed on a tree, about 12 feet from the surface of the River, denoting that in the beginning of this Century the flood had swelled so far above its usual Bounds.

We now return to our Inn just in sufficient time to see and hear the Representations of an Actor from Perth, who had left that town on account of the Sacrament. He performed in a large new Room in the Inn, and gave us a Lecture upon heads and some very funny songs, to the great entertainment of the Beaus of Dunkeld ; but he, without the least show of discontent on our part, came up and apologised for the poorness of our amusement, and said that it was neither in his intention nor in his power to entertain any person who had seen the Performers at Edinburgh, who were so much his superiors. After this we sup by our selves. The Dunkeld Gentry sup with the Comedian, who vociferously singing with the Lungs of a Stentor kept us awake till midnight.

24 April.

We this morning proceed again to view the remaining parts of the Duke of Athol's Policy. We cross the Tay at Inver-Inn, and walk along the Bran, a water full of trouts, as are most of the Highland waters. In half an hour's walk we come to the Hermitage. We entered this through a Door of Wood and Canvas, which bears the exact resemblance of Plainstone; opposite to this Door is a painting taken from Ossian's Poems, which while we were looking at suddenly flew aside, ere we were aware, when the glare of light and the appearance of a roaring Cascade every where around conspired to Startle us in a very sensible manner.

We now find ourselves in a most elegant apartment with three windows which look to the Bran tumbling over some great Rocks; this prospect being reflected on the inside of the Room by a vast number of Mirrors, fixed

on its roof and sides, makes a person at first view imagine that it is just ready to fall on his head, especially when at the same time he is almost defeaned with the noise of the water. The windows of this room were formerly painted scarlet colour, which gave the Cascade the appearance and name of the Fiery Fall. We still continue to walk along the Bran, and are shewn a little dark Cave called Ossian's Hall because the late Duke has written something, relative to Oscar, upon the rock.

In a little we get to what is called the Rumbling Brig. The torrent here is very tremendous, the whole sheet of water falling with a dreadful noise from Rock to Rock, which are fearfully hollowed into great basons, till it is quite lost in a deep chasm under the Bridge, from whence in a little while it issues and resumes its natural course.

We return to our Inn about 10 o'clock, and after breakfast set out for Blair about 20 Miles distant. We had spent since we came to Dunkeld about £1 4s, which is pretty good living for foot passengers. The Duke of Athol

passed us in a Coach as we were leaving his Policy, thro' wch. the road lies, but he did not take any notice of us. In about an hour and a half we leave Strath Tay, which here stretches to the West, and we proceed northwards along the Tumel, a large river which here falls into the Tay. We here dine very slightly at a Mrs Anderson's, who told us that she had a great many namesakes on the other side of the mountains which lay to the North. This name, tho' not dignified with titles, is probably the most numerous as well as the most ancient in Scotland; and perhaps in former days was likewise worthy of those honours, which were then bestowed on others, as the reward of merit. These, however, it is very possible, that the Caprice of the Prince, or the frowns of Fortune, may have denied to the Families of this name: And on this account no generous mind can look down on a whole race of People as ignoble, when it is known that accidents similar to these above mentioned, very frequently occasion the utter overthrow of nobility, and wash away the remembrance of

once celebrated Families from the page of History.

After fishing a little in the Tumel without success, we leave this place and fall in with Garrie. Now the Mountains begin to rise perpendicularly almost from the Bed of the River, which our Road in a manner overhangs, about a hundred and fifty feet beneath. Here we divert ourselves by rolling down great stones, which we heard and saw crashing horribly among the rocks and trees, but we did not hear the noise they made when they fell on the water, so great was the distance. Here begins the famous Pass of Kilichrankie, and as we advance see the field of Battle where Clavers Viscount Dundee was killed in 1689, when, fighting for James II., he totally defeated King William's Army commanded by General Mackay. At the back of Mr Stewart of Urrard's House stands a stone where the Viscount fell. He fell happily, crowned with the laurels of victory, and was deprived of sensation before he could witness the subsequent calamities of his infatuated party.

From this place we have a view of Castle Blair, and in a little cross the Tilt by a Bridge which leads into the Policy ; we do not however at first perceive that it is a Bridge and a water, being deceived by the height of its sides and the surrounding plantation. About eight o'clock we arrive at our Inn, which is very near Blair house, having this day travelled more than twenty miles. All the way from Dunkeld to Blair a traveller enjoys the finest Alpine scenery : the Country however is miserably poor, very little of it being arable. The huts scattered about the mountains discover the wretchedness of the Inhabitants, wch. is also visibly painted on their countenance. Here, such is the change of a few miles, a person sees the Great Cattle degenerated to the size of sheep, which together with their Lambkins are proportionably small. As we came along we saw no game, on the hill or the valley. Birds of Prey, such as Carrion Crows and Kites, only, screamed over our heads, while every thing around displayed the aspect of Poverty and famine. One place, however,

which is called Faskally, has a very beautiful appearance. Seated on a pleasant Glen, a little to the South of Killichrankie, and near Blair, there is a very large house on a hill, the property of Mr Robertson of Lud, which, however, from its aerial situation seemed to be none of the most comfortable

We this evening sup upon Kidstakes, a delicious sort of meat, which had a better relish because dressed with a fire of *Peats* : which, with wood, is the only fuel the Country produces. After supper, while drinking our bottle of Wine as we usually did, we were very well entertained by the Music of a Highland Fidler in the next Room, which costing us nothing was much more agreeable than if we had paid for it.

25 April.

We this day rise early to visit the Gardens and Policy of Blair, which are neither so extensive nor so beautiful as those of Dunkeld. The Garden consists of a long square with a pond in the midst, altogether in the old stile to which Mr Pope's description aptly applies—

> On every side you look behold the Wall !
> No pleasing intricacies intervene,
> No Artful Wildness to perplex the scene ;
> Grove nods at Grove, each alley has a Brother,
> And half the Platform just reflects the other.
> The suffering Eye inverted Nature sees
> Trees cut to Statues, statues thick as trees,
> With here a fountain never to be played
> And there a Summer-house that knows no shade.
> Here Amphitrité sails thro' Mirtle Bowers,
> There Gladiators fight or die in Flowers !
> Un-watered see the drooping Sea-Horse mourn,
> And Swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

This is no unjust representation of the Garden.

As for the Policy, its beauties are mostly natural, tho' many Statues are stationed here and there. It chiefly consists of walks shaded with very tall trees, which opening, as it were, all at once at particular places, leave the Beholder on the Brink of horrid precipices, and present to his astonished view the water of Tilt foaming among the Rocks more than a hundred feet below the place where he stands. Besides, there are some good Cascades, likewise seen through openings of the Plantation, composed of large Streams falling into the Tilt from the high Cliffs on the other side of the River.

Of these York Cascade is the principal. On the Bank, opposite to the fall, where we stood, there is a covered seat called the Grotto. By various positions in this place the sounding noise of the Cataract is curiously modulated into a variety of different tones. After leaving this we enter on a fine grassy walk descending to the Casle. At the Top of this walk there is a Statue of Hercules of majestic bulk, nobly executed on the model of the Hercules Parnese.

At the bottom of this walk is kept an Eagle of the Country in a large Wooden Cage. He is almost as big as a Turkey, of a dusky Brown Colour, feathered to the feet, which are armed with fearful Talons ; his Beak is very strong, sharp, and crooked ; his neck and tail are short, but his wings are very long. We likewise saw one that had been lately killed, for they are much hunted, the Duke giving five shillings for every head that is brought him.

As we were walking a little to the east of the House, the Gardner began to tell us a story. Says he, "You see, Gentlemen, this is "a very fine place and full of Game, but the "Duke allows nobody to shoot in it. How-"ever (continues he), no later than the end of "last week there was a Madman broke in and "began to shoot everything he met with ; and "when I went to drive him out, Good faith, "he made no more ado but shot through my "legs, and ever since he has been running "about and shooting at every body that comes "near him." This was all a prelude to make

us afraid of a Capital Statue, being a Fowler levelling his piece at us from behind some Bushes which as yet concealed him from our view. We no sooner came within sight of him than the Gardner cried out, "There's the Madman," and began to run off; but he was much mortified when he perceived his contrivance did not take effect, and told us that he had made many people run into the water for fear of being shot. We here see some other Statues, one in particular of Diana holding a Stag by the Horns. This was all we saw in the Blair Policy deserving attention. We return to our Inn, and after Breakfast discharge our Bill, amounting to about 12s, and then proceed to view the House afterwards, intending to cross the Country to Kenmure, having previously hired a guide for the purpose.

The Castle of Blair is a large old square Building four stories high, and as late as the 1746 it was fortified and seven stories high, but at that time it was lowered and its fortifications destroyed that it might never in a future period oppose the present Government

in the spirited manner that it then stood up in its defence. As we enter we see a great many Antlers, Heads of Bufaloes and Stags, Talons of Eagles, Statues of Venus and Mercury, Ensigns of the Duke, and some natural Curiosities. The Staircase is adorned with numerous paintings. The Rooms are large and elegant. In one we saw some fine Paintings of the views mentioned in Dunkeld Policy. In another we see a Bed which one of the Dukes received from Queen Ann. In a third there is painted a tree which points out the various branches and descent of the Family, and in the Duke's Bed Room there is shewn a most surprising piece of Ingenuity, vizt., a Chest of Drawers and library case at top, made of the Roots of Broom, which are capable of a very beautiful polish.

We left this place about eleven in the midst of a heavy shower. We arrive at the Garrie in a little, where the rain ceased. We are obliged to cross this water in a Boat, and the landing place on the other side being somewhat difficult the unfortunate Mr C. fell into

the stream and was completely drenched, which could not be very agreeable for the day was pretty cold. We now climb over a hill to the West of Blair. On this hill we observe numbers of Swine feeding among the hedder along with the Sheep and Black Cattle. We are now approaching a very lofty insulated mountain, covered with snow, called Shihallen, and the Highlanders whom we here met with, told us that with Telescopes in a clear day a person might from its summit see London-derry in Ireland. We now come to a steep, rocky descent, the habitation of many Wild Cats; these are larger than a common Cat and so ferocious that they will attack a man even tho' he fires at them. Before descending this place we have a very fine view of the Tumel as if it were twisting itself through a marshy meadow and then forming a Serpentine lake about two miles long and not very broad. We found this descent very dangerous, being quite covered with bushes, Rocks and waters, in so much that we could not ensure a single footstep, and what confused us still more, Mr B. affirmed

that he saw a large Wild Cat staring very terribly at him. Here Mr C., persisting in misfortune, fell headlong into the Tumel, as he had formerly done into the Garrie, without greater injury than a repetition of his former wetting. Our Guide conducted us to a Boatman and then left us, being well satisfied with a shilling for his trouble. We are ferried over the water by an Old Soldier who shewed us the highway at a little distance. We soon get to it, and as soon leave it, being enticed by the appearance of what we supposed a short cut. But after walking a mile and more upon a little path among the hedder, we find ourselves grievously mistaken by meeting with a most insurmountable obstacle, a frightful chasm, the bed of a stream formed by the melting snow of the mountain Shihallen. The sides of this Horrid Gap are about forty feet asunder, and more than seventy feet high, composed of perpendicular rocks, from the interstices of which grow innumerable trees. Here we see some of the great Crows, formerly mentioned at Perth, which are very inimical

to Sheep and Lambs. After wandering a great while along the edges of this precipice without being able to bring our minds to endure the mortification of returning, B. and I ventured down a less steep declivity at which we had now arrived. We find less difficulty in descending than we looked for. We pass the Torrent at the bottom with equal ease—

> Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.—
>
> But to return and view the cheerful skies
> In this the task the mighty labour lies.

Notwithstanding this we overcame the mighty Task and mighty labour, and got to the summit of this dismal hole as joyful as Jonah when he escaped from the Belly of the Whale. We get to a little hut, the abode of a Highlander, who was amazed to see us, and said we were surely come upon some business; but when we assured him that we only wished to get to the highway, he directed us across the skirts of his farm and said that we would soon reach it. Whereupon we call loudly to C. and M. to

follow us who were still sitting melancholy on the Brink of the precipice. They did follow us accordingly, tho' not without reluctance, dreading more serious consequences from a second aberration.

We regain the Highway about four o'clock, and here find that the people can neither give us meat nor English, two things very requisite in our present circumstances—for we were exceedingly hungry, having eat nothing since breakfast, and we were also very anxious to be told whether or not we were on the right Road to Kenmure. Being overtaken by a shower of rain we sheltered ourselves in one of the Cottages. The People within could speak as much English as tell us that we were in the right way ; but they refused to give us any victuals, saying we might have *kail*, if we choosed to make previous payment. This so irritated us that we preferred hunger to the pain of complying with such an unhospitable desire. But when we began to consider the ignorance, the want, the poverty, and the oppression of the people, we could not help condemning our

own behaviour, and pitying the calamities attending their situation in life.

After this we fall in with a Company of Recruits, but let them get before us, not choosing to walk with them ; for we did not know what a solitary place might tempt a parcel of needy fellows to do. Here we have a distant view of Castle Garth, and Castle Menzies to the West of the Highway, and are pleasantly entertained with a noble fall of water which seems to burst through the trees that cover the projecting Rock. In a little we are met by a Schoolmaster returning from the Fishing, and also heavily loaded with a burden of Fuel. The poor old fellow appeared to have little knowledge, but was very obliging in any respect he could.

Here there is an extensive view along Glen Lyon, which stretches to the West. The water of Lyon is very broad and deep, being much larger than the Garrie, the Tilt, and the Tumel, or any other water which we saw in the Highlands except the Tay, into which it runs about half a mile below this place. We cross the

Lyon by a Bridge, near which there is an old ruin, and again enter Strath Tay. Here we are refreshed with some beautiful views about Taymouth, which in some degree compensate the fatigues of a whole day's journey among the most dreary, uncultivated wastes and heath-covered mountains.

We arrive at the little village of Kenmore about six o'clock after crossing the Tay by a fine Bridge of three Arches, which is erected just where the water issues from the Lake. On a little eminence at the south side of the Bridge stands the Parish Church, exceedingly handsome, ornamented wt. an elegant square tower. The village lies to the east of the Church. It is very small, consisting of about fifteen houses. Besides there is here a large Inn, well provided and erected at the expense of the Earl Breadalbane, who allows the tenant to sit rent free. We put up at the Inn, and after drinking tea, a sorry Banquet for hungry travellers, amuse ourselves with a little fishing, at which however we are still unsuccessful. We sup about nine on most excellent trouts

taken in the Tay ; one of them was more than two pound weight, notwithstanding which we soon despatch them with the greatest ease.

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26 April.

We rise early this morning to visit the Policy of Taymouth, the seat of the Earl Breadalbane, which lies to the east of Kenmore and extends along the South Bank of the Tay. The temple of Venus de Medici is the first object we met with deserving notice. We are not allowed to enter, I know not the reason, on which account we lose the sight of the Statue of Venus, which is said to be a capital performance. We have a fine view of a park stretching all the way to the house, from the mount on which the temple is erected. This park is thinly planted with great trees and

affords pasture for a vast number of Deer. After leaving this we pass the park and enter a most magnificent Arch formed by lofty trees, which, being planted close together and joined at top, almost effectually exclude the light of day and the Rays of the Sun when covered with leaves in the Summer Season. The House stands in a park at the east end of this Arch with its face to the South. It is composed of a great square building in the middle, to which are added two wings of a more modern date. We did not think proper to inspect the inside of this building, tho' we heard that it was very well worth our consideration.

We now ascend a little hill to the South, where we are shewn a very great Beech tree, 29 feet in circumference. This tree would have had a very grand appearance if we had seen it before, but now blown down by the winds it was lying in Ruins upon the ground. At this place there is a fort mounted with eighteen small Cannon, which are seldom or never used but on the Earl's birth day. From this fort

there is a fine view of the Lake of Kenmore, of the house and the Policy. We descend the hill and walk thro' an avenue, at the back of the House, similar to that formerly mentioned. At the North end of this there is a grand Chinese Bridge over the Tay made all of wood. We cross this and come to a delightful grassy walk about thirty Paces broad, shaded on both sides with evergreens extending more than three miles along the Banks of the Tay. At the west end of this walk is the Temple of Jupiter, an elegant little building like that of Venus, from which it is not far distant—but we could not see the Statue, for the Doors were shut up. Here we pay the Gardener a shilling for his trouble in conducting us thro' the Policy and return to our Inn about nine o'clock.

Being now almost tired with walking we enquire for horses, but cannot get so much as one. Whereupon we resolve to sail up the Loch for Killin, but find ourselves as much at a loss for a Boat as for horses. There was only one in the village. We send for the

owner, who said he could not give it us, for his boatmen were from home. We thinking by this answer that he was willing to give the boat if he had had Boatmen, as soon as he departed, hired two highland weavers to manage the oars and row along the Lake.

In half an hour we land on the south side of the lake, about two miles from the Bridge, in order to see the Hermitage. We first climb up a steep hill and are then led through a dark passage, when a door opening discovers an apartment, tho' not so beautiful as that at Dunkeld, yet bearing a far greater resemblance to the abode of a hermit. Its sides are cloathed with Fog and hung with some artificial Fruit, which have a very natural appearance. The Room is an Octagon, containing some curious chairs, the hermit's bed which is made of stone, and a wooden library, to give which the appearance of a real one, the greatest art has been exercised. The prospect from the windows of this Hermitage is at once magnificent, beautiful and extensive. On the right hand, within a few yards of the window, bursts from

the top of a prominent Cliff a vast body of water, which without breaking on the subjacent Rocks falls with a hideous roar into an ample amphitheatre more than a hundred feet beneath. From the other window we have a distant view of the Policy and Kenmore as if it were separated from us by the circumfluent Lake, which is every where surrounded by the most aerial mountains.

We now think of returning to our Boat, and begin to descend the hill, when our highlanders told us that they saw the Fisherman to whom the Boat belonged waiting our arrival. As soon as we came up we found him greatly offended at us for carrying off his property without his knowledge or consent, and he told us that he would suffer us to proceed in her no farther. Upon this we used every Argument and entreaty which we imagined could be able to molilfy the inflexibility of the Highlander. But neither our display of money, nor our united supplications, nor the solitary distress of Mr M., whose leg was very painful, could persuade his obdurate mind to a compliance

with our wishes. He pushed off his boat as inexorable as the Ferryman of hell when he refuses to waft to Elysium the souls of the unexpiated dead.

We are now compelled to proceed on foot as formerly and travel along the road on the South side of the Lake, whereas travellers usually go by that on the North. In a short time we arrive at a pretty large stream, over which there is a Bridge, and a number of houses are erected on its Banks. It is impossible for any person but a spectator to conceive the number of Rivulets which fall into Loch Tay. At present we see very little water in their Channels, but are informed that where there are no Bridges the Road is perfectly impassable in a storm, with such fury do they then roll from the mountains and cover all the Highway. This is probably the reason why the North road is preferred, for we heard that on it a Bridge is built over the Bed of almost every Rivulet. Here the Lake is very beautiful and about two miles over at its greatest Breadth—notwithstanding which we seemed

to be overshadowed by the monstrous height of an over-grown mountain on the opposite shore. This mountain is called Laars and by much the greatest which we saw in the Highlands, tho' probably not so lofty as one called Ben-more, which we begin to see at the west end of the lake rearing its lofty head over the lesser Mountains, both it and Laars being plentifully heaped with snow, which made them look as if they were joined with the Clouds hanging over them.

As we advance we meet with a Cataract still more tremendous than that which we saw at the Hermitage. At this place a kind Highlander, more so than any we had met with, afforded us every aid he could to facilitate our descent into the Barathrum formed by the incessant impulse of the falling torrent, which, pouring into the hollow, near the bottom of which we were now stationed, sent forth

> "A roar that tore heav'n's concave, and above
> Shook the fix'd splendors of the Throne of Jove."

Reascending the precipices by the assistance

of the Friendly Highlander, we offer him some money for his trouble and attention ; but he with a mind as high as his mountains refused to accept of any pecuniary gratification, giving us a striking instance of that hospitality for which his nation was once celebrated, and at the same time displaying a character so seldom met with, vizt., a poor man retaining his simplicity and integrity amidst a people teeming with the seeds of Corruption and over-run with every species of vice. A character like this certainly resembles a brilliant Diamond hidden in the abyss of some dreary mine. We however gain his consent to drink a glass of whiskey with us, which we do in a house hard by, and are well entertained with some milk prepared in a curious manner by the Mistress, who is as good a woman as her neighbour is a man.

In about half an hour we depart and come to some plantations where we see a few Deer straggling among the Trees. The Lake now turns very narrow and ends in two little Creeks formed by the influx of two Rivers, which are

the principal sources that supply it with water. About eight o'clock we pass the Dochart, one of the Rivers, and after making a long circuit by again marching to the east we arrive at Killin. The Inn at this place appeared to be very commodious, but we were lodged in a most miserable apartment furnished with long wooden Benches instead of Chairs. We make a terrible noise in order to get a better room, but owing to the mulish stupidity of a Highland servant who answered our frequent calls we find that we cannot be better accommodated, for all that we could say or do was unable to make him inform his Master with what we desired. We therefore contentedly sup upon Salmon and go soon to Bed, heartily tired with the labours of the day.

27 April.

We rise this morning with an intention to see the policy of Killin which is said to be more abundant in natural magnificence than any in the Highlands, but the weather was so very tempestuous that we could not go out. At breakfast we experience the good effects of our last night's turbulence, for we are shewn into a Capacious Room and served like princes.

Tho' the Rain was not a bit abated, Mr M. set out before us about eleven on account of his leg, and we follow him about twelve. When we repass the Bridge of Dochart the water run into the Loch with the most amazing Fury, the rain having caused an exceeding swell. In the middle of this water, just at the Bridge, is an Island covered with lofty trees, the burying place of the Macnabs, called Inchbuy. We spent some time in viewing the Tombstones; and a man fishing in a manner peculiar to

himself engaged our attention for a long time. He had a strong rod about 4 fathom in length. His line was wound on a wooden Reel, being a Rope somewhat thicker than penny cord. To this was attached an Iron Hook as big as one's hand, and he used more than a pound of lead as a plummet to sink his hook in the water. His tackling being thus prepared without bait of any sort, he threw his line into a deep tumultuous pool a little way under the Bridge; after he perceived by his plummet that the hook had reached the bottom he drew it forth again with a sudden jerk. This he repeated till he hooked a Salmon, and he told us he seldom drop'd a dozen of times without catching one. At present however he was not so successful owing to the great increase of the River.

The Rain still pouring down with great violence we push on as fast as possible, in so much that we run and walk more than three miles in half an hour. We overtake Mr M. regaling himelf in the first dram house we come to, and instantly depart. Here we are

obliged to wade through many torrents, the almost instantaneous consequence of the storm and over whose Channels no Bridges are erected. But this is a matter of moonshine to the Highlanders, for we saw some of them wading through a deep stream to save a circuit of scarcely twenty yards. Even in the midst of this terrible storm we cannot help admiring the numerous cataracts that were roaring down the hills on the opposite side of Glen Dochart and swelling the River far beyond its usual Bounds.

But finding ourselves at the same time wet into the skin, and having no prospect of an Inn for twenty miles before us, we judge it most proper to stop at a little public house called Luip, about seven miles from Killin, where we have now arrived about half past one o'clock. There was only a Kitchen and two Rooms in this house, all upon the ground, and yet it contained upwards of thirteen inhabitants, who were all sitting Round the Kitchen fire, covered with a cloud of smoke and as dirty as possible. One Girl was spin-

ning, who could speak no English, which was the case with most of them. An old woman was nursing a Child, ramming down its throat a sort of Pap which she called Croudie, and in doing so hummed an ancient tune which sounded like distant thunder. The rest presented the very picture of Indolence, sitting in perfect laziness with their hands across, when they might have been well employed in cleaning their dirty hovel.

After drying ourselves, we dined in our own Room upon poor Bacon and potatoes ; we likewise had some Salmon kipper and excellent English Porter. After dinner we had some conversation with the Master of the House. He told us that there were Perch in the Dochart five pounds weight. He likewise told us of the celebrated St. Fillan's pool, which is near the source of the Dochart and is famous for curing all diseases, which quality was given to it by the pretended Saint. But Dr Smith in his Gaelic Antiquities informs that this place was much resorted to by sick people long before the introduction of Christianity, being

pointed out and consecrated by the Druids, who were the priests and princes of the people. These Sages, rightly supposing that a change of air and novelty of objects were very frequently productive of eminent cures, added to these the belief of supernatural assistance, and commanded every person that was diseased to take a pilgrimage to this pool, where he would be relieved by the hand of heaven. This prescription being often attended with the wished for effect, the place continued sacred after the Druids were no more, and being put under the tutelage of a Saint in the times of Popery, is still resorted to by multitudes of credulous Highlanders. The Master of the House told us likewise of a miracle that had happened about twenty years before at St Fillan's Pool. The Military who were employed in making roads through the Highlands coming to this place observed a fine Salmon in the Pool, which they wished to take ; but the Country people, greatly revering it and calling it St. Fillan's Salmon, entreated the Soldiers not to touch it. They all desisted except one who,

persisting in the impious design, seized upon the Salmon—but mark the punishment which pursued the sacrilege : he had no sooner touched the Fish than he fell down Breathless on the spot.

The day being as yet exceedingly tempestuous we resolve to stay here all night, and having expressed a desire for a fiddler we are instantly furnished, for the Highlanders delight much in music. Having got the Mistress and the other Girls into our own Room we spend the whole evening very merrily, drinking Porter and Whisky, and dancing Reels, till we are perfectly tired. After this the Mistress, who is a very fine woman, sung some Gaelic songs, with which we were much pleased, tho' we did not understand their meaning. About nine o'clock we sup by ourselves on a Fowl which was not very good, being just new killed and boiled up with butter in an unusual manner.

28 April.

We set out this morning about seven, after paying well for our last night's entertainment. The Rain had quite ceased and the Road was very dry. We proceed by the Banks of the River of Dochart, and about eight o'clock arrive at the Loch. This is not a very large piece of water, but is very beautiful, being finely adorned with a wooded Island, on which there is a ruined Castle. Here we see a number of large hawks flying over the Loch and perching on the High Trees which cover the Northern Shore. After passing one or two neat little houses we come into a pretty broad meadow affording excellent pasture. The Sheep and Black Cattle here in the west highlands look much better than those about Blair in Athol. The reason ascribed for which is that a great many skilful Graziers from the South Country have settled here and in Argyle-

shire. At this place, to the left of the Highway, stands the lofty Mountain called Benmore, which we had begun to see before we reached Kenmore, tho' upwards of thirty miles distant.

About nine we get to a little public house like that at Luip, called Crienlarich. Here we breakfast—and one of our company, wisely observing that we ought to look before us for a dinner, which we never had the pleasure of eating but once since we left Dunkeld, pocketed a large pudding and advised us to carry off as much Cheese and Bread as possible, which we do to the great detriment of all who might come after, for we perfectly pillaged the House, and the woman told us she could get no more wheat Bread without sending to Crieff, which is about thirty miles distant.

When we leave this place we begin to travel south, the Road going over a high Ridge, which is the highest ground on this part of the country—for leaving the River of Dochart wch. runs into the East Sea we come to the Water of Fallach which runs into the West

Sea. Glen Fallach is exceedingly beautiful, and about five miles long, through which the water runs, being the principal source of Loch Lomond, which we are now approaching. Near the South end of the Glen stands a house belonging to a Mr Campbell, where we get a drink of whey gratis, being the only material favour we received since leaving Edinburgh. We here meet with a man who informed us that if we had come a little sooner we might have been carried down Loch Lomond all the way to Luss, for that a Boat had just left the place where we were. This grieved us very much, for we had now walked about fifteen miles and had as far to go ere we could reach the Inn at Tarbat.

As we advance on the Road which goes down on the west side of the Lake we are rejoiced to see the Southern horizon unbroken with mountains, a sight which we had not seen since we entered Strath Tay at Dunkeld. The view lies along the surface of the lake, and the numerous little Isles covered with wood add to its beauty, while the impending majesty of

the Stupendous Rocks rising perpendicularly from the water, on both sides, gives it a dignity of which a spectator only is able to form an idea. At this end the lake is very narrow and begins to widen as it stretches to the South. The Road, which leads all along its Banks, is the work of the military, and in many places overhangs the water, winding up and down the precipices in a most artificial manner. Here we see a monstrous Stone, shaped like a house, which we take some time to measure, and find its base to be fifty feet long and its greatest height more than thirty.

After travelling three hours by the water's side and enjoying the greatest diversity of Alpine Scenery, we approach Tarbat about four, where the Rocks begin to lessen and the Mountains decrease. Here we accidentally meet with Mr Macfarlane, a Dumbarton Gentleman, travelling in company with a Mr Gemmil for Inverary, a place to which we did not think proper to go. We dine at Tarbat Inn—opposite to the windows of which lies the celebrated Ben Lomond, not nearly so high

as many of the mountains which we passed by, but commanding a more extensive prospect than any of them ; for it being the last of the Highland Hills looks over all the Lowland Country towards the East, West, and South—while a person on the top of the loftier mountains within the highlands can see nothing but the Glens below and the Barren sides of the Hills which surround him. At this Inn we see the Skin of a Wild Cat that was killed at a place farther North called Inverouglas. The Skin exactly resembled that of a Tiger, being a yellow Brown colour, covered wt. Black Spots.

Tho' we have this day walked more than twenty-six miles we resolve to push on to Luss, which is eight miles farther south. We set out about six, and walking through young plantations find our fatigue diminish as we advance, so much was our minds enlivened by the continual succession of beautiful objects. At last it grew dark, a circumstance which, it is to be supposed, would redouble the labours which the light of the day and the glorious

appearance of the Sun, whose rays quivered over the resplendent surface of the water, had contributed to combat ; but such was not the case—

For now the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
O'er Heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a Cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed
And tip with silver every mountain's head :
Now shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
The Flood around reflects the Brilliant skies.

We arrive at Luss a little after eight not very much fatigued considering we have this day travelled more than thirty-four miles. We have a very good supper at the Inn kept by a Mr Grant, and here we get our Linens washed by a very religious old woman, who scrupled much to work so late on Saturday night. But we assured her that it was very necessary to have a clean Shirt on the Lord's day, and promising her something extraordinary she at length complied.

29 April.

This is a Charming morning, and tho' Sunday we set out before six for Dumbarton, and first go past the delightful Policy belonging to Sir James Colquhoun, who has likewise an elegant house built on the modern plan. Loch Lomond is here about seven miles Broad, but the view to the opposite shore is distracted by numerous and large Islands. We pass the Water of Glen Troone by a Bridge, and in a short time come to a villa called the Cameron, which formerly belonged to Smollet, the famous author. The Country here turns very broad and is beautifully laid out in extensive Parks, Gardens, and Plantations. The River of Levin, celebrated for its Salmon Fisheries, rushes from the Bottom of the Loch with amazing velocity, and yet its surface is smooth, for its channel is strowed with pebbles and unbroken with rocks. Near the River's egress from the

Loch stands the pleasant village of Bon-hill, the Country round which is almost covered with gentile houses and adequate Policies.

About two miles from Dumbarton we fall in with a magnificent monumental pillar erected to the memory of the celebrated Smollet, near which on the Banks of the Levin stands an old Black house, being that in which he was born. I here cannot help inserting the verses in which this Author praises his native stream, being at once a specimen of his genius and a just description of the Beauties of the place—

Pure Stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No Rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread ;
While lightly pois'd the scaly brood,
In myriads, cleave thy christal flood :
The springing trout, in speckled pride ;
The Salmon, monarch of the Tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel, and motled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,

A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of Birch and Groves of Pine,
And hedges flowered with Eglantine.

About ten o'clock we enter the Royal Burgh of Dumbarton by crossing a Bridge built over the Leven just before it falls into the Clyde. We walk up the Street and get to our Inn instead of the Church, to which the inhabitants were going in great numbers. After Breakfast we were waited on by my acquaintance Mr Colquhoun, who told us that he had accidentally seen us on the street. We walk out with him to see the Town, which is not worth much notice and is very dirty like other little seaports. The Harbour, which is little but commodious, consists of the Mouth of the Leven. At present it contained six or seven Sloops and two or three Brigs, with which it was pretty tolerably filled.

This being Sunday we cannot have a sight of the Glass Works. 'Tis by them that the Trade of the town is chiefly supported; and Window Glass is made no where else in Scotland except at Glasgow. They consist of large

Brick buildings, and lie to the east of the Bridge close by the water. The Street is neat enough, but it would look much better if it did not lie in the form of an Arch.

We next go to visit the Castle, which stands upon the Clyde a very little to the south of the Town. This Castle consists of a large Rock, which in a manner rises out of the ground without any adjacent eminence. About fifty feet from the ground the Rock divides itself and ends in two tops, one of which is more lofty than the other, being upwards of a hundred and fifty feet from the surface of the Clyde, which at this place is about two miles broad. This Castle is still impregnable without Ships of War, for none of the buildings lie towards the land, and cannon cannot injure the impenetrable Rock. Its only access, the Soldiers' Barracks, and the Governor's house, look towards the sea, and even these would not be much hurt by an attack, for they are excellently fortified, and the long stair behind the platform which leads to the top of the Castle will admit no more than one man

a-breast. Here the Old Soldier that conducted us through the Castle shewed us a great two-handed Sword, which he said belonged to Sir William Wallace, who with it defended the Castle against the English.

From the lowest top of the rock, for the ascent to the highest is difficult, we have a very extensive prospect of the Firth of Clyde. To the south-east we see the distant spires of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Paisley. To the west we see Greenock and Port Glasgow, with vast numbers of ships in their harbours.

After paying the Soldier no more than a sixpence for his trouble we descend, and returning to Dumbarton meet with my very good friend Mr Freebairn coming out of the Church. He and Mr Colquhoun accompanied us so far in our way to Glasgow, which is fifteen miles from Dumbarton. There are many magnificent houses on both sides of the Clyde, and the Country is finely cultivated. The water begins to turn narrow as we advance, and is only navigable for Sloops by the assistance of jetties, which are thrown out in great numbers

from either shore. Sloops and Boats are thus enabled to go all the way to the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and furnish the City with great quantities of Fish at the same that they are very serviceable in exporting and importing the necessary commodities.

About half-past five we get to Partick, a little village lying on the water of Kelvin, which we pass by a Bridge and enter upon a fine Causey'd Road, which begins about a mile from the Suburbs and continues all the way to the City, a public work which is extremely convenient and discovers the public Spirit of the Inhabitants. We pass through a place called Anderston inhabited by weavers, and walking down a grand Street, tho' the houses are built with a very ugly stone, we find ourselves much at a loss for an Inn to put up at. As we are going about the Street, covered with dust and armed with our great sticks, we observe the people, who were dressed in their Sunday's cloaths, staring very impolitely at our uncouth appearance, a piece of ill-manners, of which not even the Highlanders were guilty.

We are at last directed to Durie's Inn, being much fatigued, for we have this day walked about twenty-eight miles, which is somewhat more than a Sabbath day's journey. After drinking Tea in a little wretched Bedroom and paying dearly for our Bad entertainment, we are told by the waiter that we would be unable to stay in this place all night for that every Room in the house was preoccupied. Upon this, we go to the Bull Inn kept by a Mr Heron, where we get most excellent accommodation. After this we take a short walk about the Town, but soon return to Supper, resolving to view it more attentively to-morrow.

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30 April.

I THIS morning walk out about nine in quest of my friend Mr Lothian, and I am obliged to hire a porter to shew me his house. I find

him in his study. and he kindly presses me to stay breakfast, which I do, and accept an Invitation for us all to dine at his house. Returning to our Inn after breakfast we all go out with Mr Lothian to see the Town. The Streets are numerous, but the High Street is the principal, the middle of wch. is called the Cross, where there is an equestrian Statue of King William III. Near this is the Tontine Hotel, which contains the Assembly Room and the elegant Coffee-house so famous in Glasgow. In this Room any person may walk about gratis, but he must pay one penny if he sits down. Before the Door of this Coffee Room is a capacious covered walk affording a fine retreat for the Merchants in a Rainy day.

We next go to the east end of the town and see St. Mungo's Cathedral, which is said to be the most entire Gothic structure in Scotland. The Churchyard which surrounds this Cathedral amazed us, being in a manner paved with Tombstones. It is now converted into two or three Kirks, one of wch., called the Barony, is very dark, being almost buried under ground.

On the inside there is a great quantity of Antique Sculpture representing actions which are mentioned in the Scriptures. There are also a number of curious monuments erected to the memory of individuals. Mr Lothian directed our attention to the inscription of one of the most elegant. It was in Latin, and attributed great praise to the deceased for his very sagacious conduct in the time of the rebellion 1745. Mr Lothian told us this was a piece of the severest satire, for that the person hinted at was the Provost of Glasgow who retired to a place of safety, to be sure, with the greatest sagacity, as soon as he heard the Highlanders were approaching.

From the Cathedral we return down the street and take a view of the College, which is much handsomer than that of Edinburgh or St. Andrews. At St. Andrews the collegians wear Cloaks without sleeves. Here they wear them with long sleeves. The University consists of two or three neat little courts, which contain the Professors' houses as well as the Public Classes We saw none of them but

the Anatomical Class, with some paintings and other demonstrative apparatus. Behind the College is a little park, through which runs a stream of water, being a place set off as a walk for the students. After this we walk back to our Inn. On the way we meet with Mr Cranstoun, who for half an hour favours us with his very agreeable company.

About one Mr M. carried me to his acquaintance Mr Rutherfoord, a great Muslin Manufacturer, who shewed us the curious operations of Stamping and Singeing the Muslin. To Singe the Muslin requires the greatest attention and dexterity, for being rolled along a red-hot cylinder, unless the greatest dispatch is used the whole piece is destroyed by the intenseness of the heat. We dine at Mr Lothian's, and afterwards proceed to see the other side of the Town. St. Andrew's Church is the most beautiful in Glasgow and is ornamented with the best spire. Let people say what they will with regard to the elegance of the Public buildings in Glasgow, and let them be as profuse as possible in praising her steeples

and her Bells, I can by no means think she excels Edinburgh in any of these respects; and must say that all her works are clumsy and tasteless, tho' large and expensive—the first denoting the awkward vulgarity, the last strongly characterising the useful Industry of the Inhabitants.

We pass through St. Andrew's Churchyard and enter the Green, a fine public walk extending all the way to the Clyde. At present this River was very muddy owing probably to the late Rain. Through the middle of the Green flows the same stream that runs through the College Garden and part of the Town. This stream, receiving all the contributions which it is to be supposed the Inhabitants will bestow, is not as clear as chrystal, but is almost as yellow as Gold and emits effluvia which strongly affect the olfactory nerves of the passengers, rather manuring than beautifying the ground over which it glides. We see some Ladies in the Green, dressed rather tawdry than otherwise and walking about almost as fast as horses, a sight which did not

make us lament our short duration in the place, by which we would be deprived of the pleasures of their acquaintance.

After this we return to tea, and then walk to the west end of the town where the houses are large, but they have a very ugly appearance, for they are built with stones which on their being exposed to the air become covered with great Black Blotches. We cross the Clyde by a Bridge and walk about a suburb called the Gorbals ; we recross the River by another Bridge and return to our Inn to Supper. Mr M. went out to sup with Mr Rutherfoord notwithstanding the dissuasion of the waiter, who assured him that it was very unsafe to walk the streets after it was dark, and gave us many bloody examples to prove the truth of what he said, but we easily saw that all this proceeded from a desire to make us spend as much money as possible at the Inn, and not from any anxiety about our welfare.

1 May.

This morning we pack up our alls and discharge our Bill, which was pretty considerable. We all breakfast with Mr Rutherfoord, having received a previous invitation. About ten we leave Glasgow and enter upon a fine causeway similar to that at the west end of the Town. In a little we come to the useful Canal, which by the assistance of Water Locks or keys is navigable all the way from Grangemouth on the Firth of Forth to within half a mile of Clyde, and thus greatly facilitates the commerce and intercourse of the East and West Country. We pass through Kirkintulloch, a pretty large village in the County of Dumbarton. The Country all about this place seems to be pretty fertile and is tolerably enclosed with hedges. About one o'clock we get to Kilsyth, and Mr C. resolving to leave us in order to go to his Father's house at Stirling,

we take our farewell over a bottle of wine, being very sorry to separate after such a long and social connection. Mr C. went over the hills to the North, and we continue to walk east towards Edinburgh.

The Country people here have a horrid aversion at the thought of listing in the Army. As we were coming along a poor old Countryman imagined that we were going to turn Soldiers. He came running after us, and greatly surprised us when he cried out "Stay, "Laddies, dinna list, stay for ony sake Stay "and I'll gee ye a bottle of Ale." So much would he have given from his penury to enjoy the satisfaction of having saved us from Ruin. When he came up we told him we did not mean to list, and he went off contented.

In a little we meet with some beggars, to whom Mr M. gave all the snuff which he had brought from Edinburgh, not having received any of the benefits which he expected from it. From this place we have a view of the Beautiful Carse of Falkirk. We likewise see Borrowstouness and Carron covered with smoke,

Carron is one of the greatest Iron Founderies in Britain, perhaps in the world. It furnishes all the Kingdoms of Europe with Cannon, an Artillery more destructive than that which the Cyclops are feigned to have forged for Jupiter. We immediately leave the Highway and proceed accross the Fields to see this place and inspect the operations. When we arrive, however, we are greatly disappointed, for it was now about five minutes past six, after which time no one is admitted. But we heard the groaning noise of the machines and the loud Bellows and the terrible sound of the melting Iron. We see likewise the Flame bursting through clouds of thick black smoke which are constantly vomiting from the tops of the ever burning Furnaces.

We walk off for Falkirk, resolving to visit it to-morrow. We recross the Canal by a Draw Bridge, which opens when necessary to let the vessels pass to and fro'. Falkirk is a pretty large old town about a mile and a half south from Carron, where we arrive about seven. From the Churchyard we have a view

of Stirling Castle, about eleven miles distant. We are besides shewn many curious monuments. One to the memory of Sir John the Grahame, who was slain by the English when they beat Sir William Wallace at the Battle of Falkirk. This consists of three stones raised the one above the other. The undermost stone was placed there about the time he was killed. The second stone is a copy of the first, bearing the same date and inscription, and erected in the last century. The third stone is a Copy of the second, lately placed there by the Family of Graham in order to save from oblivion the monumental fame of their worthy ancestor. We are likewise shewn the tomb of Sir Hector Monro, who was killed in the battle of Falkirk during the Rebellion 1745. These and two or three other monuments are the only objects in Falkirk that merit any notice.

We repair to our Inn about eight o'clock. We can get nothing for supper but roast veal, and being hungry we eat so much of it as to make us exceedingly sick. To dispell our sickness we call for a little Gin after supper.

We find the Gin so good and agreeing so well with our stomach and so effectually removing our sickness that we are not satisfied with a little, and about twelve at night perceived we have run into the opposite extreme by drinking a great deal too much—an error of which we were not sensible till the people of the House came in and forced us to Bed.

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2 May.

I HAD slept by myself last night, a thing which I had not done since we left Edinburgh. I rise about seven and find myself so indisposed owing to our debauch that I am again obliged to go to bed. About nine I find myself better, and upon entering the rooms where B. and M. had slept I find them in a woful

pickle, doing penance in a more conspicuous manner than myself, discharging the contents of their over-burdened Stomachs into large pewter Jordans almost as high as themselves, a sight which made me suddenly recoil, fearing that sympathy in me would operate a similar catastrophe. I walk out about the Town, and find that the fresh air and swallowing a few carroway seeds do me great service. After returning I find myself able to eat a hearty breakfast, when my poor comrades find the greatest loathing at a dish of tea, and rise with as empty bellies as when they sat down. It being as late as twelve o'clock ere we are able to set out we drop all thoughts of visiting the Iron Works at Carron, and discharged our Bill, which besides a shilling for Porter contained the unusual article of Four shillings and eightpence for Drams.

A little way from Falkirk we pass by a grand House called Callender, and walking through a very agreeable Country in about two hours we pass the River Avon and enter the shire of West Lothian, a Country which is well

cultivated and is filled with the Country Seats of the Nobility and Gentlemen. In a short time we come to Linlithgow, wch. is a Royal Burgh and a very ancient town, celebrated for its Palace, which has once been a most magnificent building but is now suffered to go to decay. We spend a considerable time in strolling about the Walls and surveying the Ruins. On the North side of the town is a great piece of water called Linlithgow Loch, which swarms with Perch and eels and in which there is a little Island. This Town is also famous for the excellence of its water and the beauty of its wells, near which stands the house from the Windows of which Hamilton of Bothwel-Haugh shot regent Murray in the time of Queen Mary. This town is the Capital of West Lothian and contains upwards of 2000 Inhabitants. We here buy some Oranges to cool our bowels as yet greatly heated by the quantity of Gin which we had drank the night before. We leave this place about three o'clock and walk slowly towards Edinburgh, from which we are now about fifteen miles distant.

We now cannot help congratulating ourselves on the happy issue of this long Journey, a thing which every person imagined to be involved in difficulty and danger before we set out—but our safe return now clearly assured us that this pedestrian excursion has given us more true benefit than any action in our lives, both with respect to the pleasure we had received, and the knowledge of men and things which we had reaped by living in a manner on our own bottom, and by travelling over a great part of our native Country. We were also fully satisfied that the little money we had spent could not have been laid out in a more advantageous manner, but that it would have been thrown away at home upon trifling amusements, which far from improving fill the mind with silly ideas, and substitute degenerate effeminacy instead of manly dignity.

In about an hour and a half we get to Kirkliston, a little neat village, and pass Amond Water by a Bridge. This water separates West Lothian from Mid Lothian, and in the time of Rain comes down with great fury and

overflows all the adjacent country, carrying away both Corn and Cattle in the time of harvest. In a short time we get to Carstorphine, and crossing the water of Leith by Colt Bridge arrive in perfect safety at Edinburgh, after an absence of thirteen days.

FINIS.

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